That did neuer chooſe amis,
Some there be that ſhadowes kis.
Such haue but a ſhadowes blis:
There be fooles aliue Iwis
Siluerd o're, and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are ſped.

Arrag. Still more foole I ſhall appeare
By the time I linger heere,
With one fooles head *I* came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, ile keepe my oath,
Paciently to beare my wroath.
Portia. Thus hath the candle ſingd the moath:
O theſe deliberate fooles when they doe chooſe,
They haue the wiſedome by their wit to looſe.
Nerriſſ. The auncient ſaying is no heriſie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by deſtinie.
Portia. Come draw the curtaine *Nerriſſa.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is my Lady.
Portia. Heere, what would my Lord?
Meſſ. Madame, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, (beſides commends and curtious breath)
Gifts of rich valiew; yet I haue not ſeene
So likely an Embaſſador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came ſo ſweete
To ſhow how coſtly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his Lord.
Portia. No more I pray thee, *I* am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt ſay anone he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpendſt ſuch high day wit in prayſing him:

Come

Come come *Nerryſſa*, for I lo
Quick *Cupids* Poſt that comes
Nerryſſ. *Baſſanio* Lord, loue

Solanio an

Solanio. Now what newes o
Salari. Why yet it liues there
of rich lading wrackt on the na
they call the place, a very dang
caſſes of many a tall ſhip lie bu
be an honeſt woman of her wo
Solanio. I would ſhe were as
Ginger, or made her neighbou
a third husband: but it is true,
croſſing the plaine high way o
honeſt *Anthonio*; ô that *I* ha
name company.
Salari. Come, the full ſtop.
Solanio. Ha, what ſayeſt tho
Salari. *I* would it might pro
Solanio. Let me ſay amen be
er, for heere he comes in the lik
what newes among the Merch
Shy. You knew, none ſo wel
ters flight.
Salari. Thats certaine, *I* for
the wings ſhe flew withall.
Solan. And *Shylocke* for his
and then it is the complexion
Shy. She is damnd for it.
Salari. Thats certaine, if the
Shy. My owne fleſh and bl
Sola. Out vpon it old carri
Shy. I ſay my daughter is m
Salari. There is more diffe
then betweene red and white,
there is betweene red vvine an
whether *Anthonio* haue had an

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